THE PHOENIX.

The Phoenix was, as you might say,
The burning question of the day;
The more he burned, the more he grew
Splendiferous in feathers new.
And from his ashes rising bland,
Did business at the same old stand.
But though good people went about
And talked, they could not put him out.
A wond'rous bird—indeed, they say
He is not quite extinct to-day.
—Oliver Herford, in The Century.

MISADVENTURES.

"I'm sincerely thankful to be here this morning instead of in a police station," said Miss Girum, who was calling on a neighbor. "It is only by the mercy of Providence that I am not behind the bars."

The neighbor looked her horror.

"Yes; a clerk trailed me all over a floor of a department store yesterday to recover a Japanese hand warmer which I had walked off with, and which I was holding aloft at the end of my umbrella under the impression that it was my pocketbook. I was captured in the cut-glass section, miles away from the hand warmer counter."

"Goodness!" exclaimed the neighbor. "Was the thing very valuable? I never heard of hand warmers before."

"Cost fifteen cents," said Miss Girum, "and dear at the price. But it isn't considered nice to steal even fifteen-cent hand warmers. Still, the clerk merely asked politely: 'Don't you want that wrapped up and sent home for you?'"

"What in the world did you do?"

"I'm sure I had every indication of guilt as I delivered the thing to her, at the same time stammering out something or other. She was kind enough to say that she knew I had taken it unconsciously; but there was a peculiar glimmer in her eye when she looked at me. After that, no matter where I went, I felt her eyes and those of the other clerks fairly burning holes through my back. I kept sauntering about to make them think I felt perfectly at ease, but I didn't succeed in feeling that way. You needn't laugh; the sensation was awful.

"Coming home I took a penny and nickel out of my pocketbook. I bought a newspaper with the penny and then dashed through the gate to get on the elevated train. But the agent got there first. He drew me off the car and demanded my fare.

"I maintained stoutly that I had paid it. But to save a scene I attempted to open my purse and found myself prevented from doing so by the nickel that was was tightly clutched in my fist. I looked as injured as possible, hoping that the crowd would think me a much-abused person, until a man said that it was a perfect shame and that he was willing to testify in my behalf if I brought suit against the company. He said that the same agent had done the same thing to another woman passenger.

"I confessed then. Everybody laughed, even the would-be witness. He said gallantly that he guessed he had seen another lady pay, but he knew from my looks that I wouldn't cheat any one."

"What a splendid opening for a romance!" said the neighbor.

"Yes, wasn't it? Beauty in distress and that sort of thing. All the conditions were favorable with the exception that the man had been drinking and certainly would not have been prepossessing if he had been sober.

"But isn't there something in psychology or somewhere about people being what they are thought to be? I think there is. If there is such a belief I'm a convert to it."

"Did you have more mishaps?"

"Oh, yes, indeed. On the elevated train I was afraid to put my things down for fear I might pick up something which did not belong to me. But fate was not to be turned aside by any weak efforts on my part. For, after all, I came home with the wrong umbrella. Mine was a $7 umbrella and the one I picked up must have cost as much as fifty cents in its best days, which were the days of long ago. But the principle is the same. I might have picked up an umbrella glittering with gold and precious stones, and then where should I have been?

"I tell you, my mother, or some one else with a level head and of highly respectable appearance will go with me after this, or there is no telling where I may land. Little I ever thought that I should become a 'picker up of unconsidered trifles.'"

"Perhaps some one picked up your umbrella first," suggested the neighbor.

"That's just what some one did," said Miss Girum, indignantly. "Now, isn't it a queer thing that an umbrella, no matter how humble, is not safe unless it is tied on? Mine may not have been exactly beautiful, but it was good—you needn't laugh—and it would have lasted a long time. I shouldn't wonder if that would-be witness took it. He kept pretty close to me and the umbrella that I brought home looks as if it might belong to some one like him."

"If he took your umbrella," said the neighbor, "it may have been because of his romantic regard for its owner. Take this view of the situation and be comforted."

"Well, it's a bit difficult," returned Miss Girum, "but perhaps I'd better try, as I feel reasonably certain that I'll never see him or the umbrella again."—Chicago News.

Our Latest Products.

Once upon a time there was a man who, having gambled in the Street, played the races, gone up in a balloon, traveled to the Yukon, and done other adventurous things, decided that he would raise a family.

"I wish," he said, "to hear the patter of little feet on the stairway, to tell fairy stories in the gloaming, to have chubby hands in mine, and all the other accessories. Before doing so, however, I will examine a specimen American family, which, I believe, is the latest and best example of the art of civilization."

So he called on a friend who had one.

"The latest idea," said the father, proudly, "is to bring up your children on an equality. We conceal nothing from them, and give them the benefit of all the latest information. This is Bessie, my fourteen-year-old."

"Have you read this article on sex?" asked Bessie, languidly, after shaking hands. "Really, it is very crude. I could write a better one myself. Its pathology is lamentable."

"This is Bobbie, my ten-year-old," volunteered the happy father, bringing forward number two. "Bobbie, shake hands."

"The old gentleman there," he said, "insists on introducing me to every one. Sorry I can't stay and give you my views on the conduct of the administration, but I have a date with a vaudeville queen. Get to bed early," he said, warningly, to his father as he went off. "When you sit up late you're irritable at breakfast, and your manners are simply unbearable. At your time of life there ought to be nothing doing at all."

"This," said the father once more, "is my little four-year-old, the apple of my eye. Here, Mildred, dear."

"Go 'way," said Mildred, shaking her curls. "You're a bounder—any man with a waistcoat like that is. Now, papa," she added, "don't scold, 'cause I have a right to say just what you and mamma say—isn't it taught now in my primary?"

But the man waited to hear no more. Two hours later he was seen by our private detective in a real estate office, signing a ten-year lease for a bachelor apartment.—Harper's Weekly.

Bonsoir, Meissonnier!

Statues also have their destinies.

The statue of Meissonnier is soon to be removed from the place it occupies before the Louvre.

The superintendent of Beaux-Arts has so decided—and we can but give our approval.

The statue is insupportably pretentious. One may wonder what the idea was passing through the brain of the sculptor Mercie that led him to represent a miniaturist, a maker of picturettes the size of a thumb nail, gigantic and in the attitude of a Titan.

This Meissonnier by effrontery made his way in the world. Truly the talent of this artist merited no glorification. His minute art was always photographic and icy. One can not comprehend how he came to such colossal renown during his life. It is to be acknowledged that it soon passed away. Not twenty years has he been dead, and who speaks of him now?

His statue will be relegated to some cemetery or to a public place in the provinces.

Bon voyage, Monsieur Meissonnier!—Le Cri de Paris.

Anachronisms in Art.

"The queerest thing about the new statue of General Banks will be the creased trousers, barely known when the General was living, certainly not common with veterans," says the Boston Record. Any casual student of wartime photographs understands that even the best dressed Americans of the sixties wore no creases in their trousers. Indeed, long after the war, a man with such creases would have been hailed as a patron of the ready-made clothing shops, because in these shops the trousers are customarily laid in crease-compelling piles. But if General Banks is forced—in metal or stone—to affect creased trousers it will be no more of an anachronism than that perpetrated by some of the latter-day artists who illustrate our American novels. No matter if the heroine is supposed to have lived forty or fifty years ago, she wears her hair in twentieth century fashion and her gowns are in the latest mode.—Providence Journal.

Modern Farm Methods As Applied in the South.

Notes of Interest to Planter, Fruit Grower and Stockman

Improving a Mountain Farm.

J. J. D., Stackhouse, N. C., writes: "I have purchased a small farm in the mountains of Western North Carolina, which has been neglected and needs improvement. The soil is sandy. I will appreciate any suggestions."

Answer: One of the chief needs of a sandy soil that has been abused is undoubtedly vegetable matter. The soil is also likely to be deficient in available supplies of phosphoric acid and potash. You can add the needed vegetable matter to the soil cheaply and to advantage through the use of leguminous crops. Among the crops that are grown to advantage in your locality will be any of the clovers, the cowpea, the vetch, soy bean and velvet bean. The velvet bean will hardly mature seed, but it grows well on thin land and makes an immense mass of green material which can first be pastured off, thus making the land produce something of value and the refuse plowed under to add vegetable matter to the soil. Animals pasture on the velvet bean to advantage when they become accustomed to it, though, of course, one should look out for bloat, which is liable to happen when animals are pasturing on any green crop that is wet with dew or soaked by heavy rains.

Under your conditions it is important that you adopt a rotation as nearly as possible. One of the best you could use would be to sow the land in cowpeas this spring, using 200 pounds of sixteen per cent. acid phosphate and seventy-five pounds of muriate of potash per acre. If the land has not grown peas for several years get two or three wagon loads of earth from an old pea field and scatter thinly over the surface and work in with a harrow before seeding. Use either the Whippoorwill, New Era or Black pea. Cut the first crop for hay and let the second crop grow as long as possible before turning it under. Turn under and seed to wheat, using a complete fertilizer at the rate of 100 pounds of cottonseed meal, 100 pounds of sixteen per cent. acid phosphate and twenty-five pounds of muriate of potash. Apply the fertilizer well away from the seed, as cottonseed meal sometimes has an injurious effect on germination. In the spring seed the wheat down to clover and timothy, or if you prefer, a pasture seeded to clover and orchard grass. Allow to stand two years in grass, cutting for hay one year and grazing the second year. Then turn in the spring and put in corn, seeding to crimson clover in the fall to plow under, and then back to cowpeas and wheat and grass.

You will need to use plentiful supplies of phosphates and potash and if your land is acid, give a good coating of lime, using one ton per acre. This may be purchased in the unslacked form and distributed in heaps and scattered over the soil when properly slacked, or it may be slacked in quantity, and distributed with a machine especially made for the application of lime. Keep all the stock you can on the farm, feed as much of the roughness produced as possible, and utilize carefully all available supplies of farm yard manure, and you should certainly be able to improve your land considerably in a very short time.—Knoxville Tribune.

Destroying Field Mice and Moles.

J. P. T., Jonesboro, Tenn., writes: I would like to know how to poison or otherwise kill field mice and moles. They are very destructive in my corn fields and potato patches.

Answer: Moles and mice may sometimes be killed to advantage by the use of carbon bisulphide. Take small wads of lint cotton and thoroughly saturate with the carbon bisulphide and put in the holes and runways if underground. The fresh runways of the mole are easily discovered and if the bisulphide is put in the ground and the place where it is inserted covered with earth and pressed down slightly the fumes will penetrate the channels and often cause the destruction of moles and mice. There is a difficulty in this remedy, however, for the runways are often so near the surface of the ground that part of the carbon bisulphide escapes and becomes mixed with the air and is not effective.

Another good way to rid yourself of these pests is to prepare a mash of bran in which you might mix a little cheese, corn meal or any other food that is likely to prove attractive to mice, and saturate the mixture thoroughly with paris green or some other deadly poison. Put small spoonfuls here and there about the places the mice frequent. In this way you might be able to kill a great many of them. The principal objection to using paris green in the mash as indicated is the danger that something else may eat it. If the field is somewhat remote from the house and the poultry not allowed to run on it, there is not much danger except in the case of dogs.

No other means of ridding fields of mice and moles are known to the writer, though they may exist, but I trust you will find these remedies satisfactory.—Prof. Soule.

Raising Calves Without Milk.

E. T., Quicksburg, Va., writes: I would like to know if I can raise a calf only two weeks old without milk. If so, what is the best food, also for older calves?

Answer: Calves have been raised with fair success with the use of very little skim milk. It would be a difficult undertaking to attempt to raise a calf only two weeks old without the use of milk. At the end of thirty days a fair substitute may be made for milk from hay tea. This is best prepared by taking hay that has been cut quite young, covering it well with water, and covering it so as to extract the soluble food elements. The tea should be boiled until it is in quite a concentrated form, and then some flaxseed and wheat middlings should be added to the tea to increase the fattening and muscle forming elements in which hay tea is deficient. Flaxseed jelly may be used to advantage for this purpose. It is made by adding boiling water to oil meal. For a calf thirty days old not more than one-quarter pound should be fed per day with an equal amount of wheat middlings thoroughly stirred into the tea. This hay tea is often used by dairymen who sell milk.

It is quite a simple matter to raise a calf on skim milk when taken away from the dam two or three days after it is dropped by adding a small amount of flaxseed jelly to the skim milk. Not more than one tablespoonful should be used at first, and the amount increased daily as the needs of the calf seem to require. A calf when first taken away from the dam should not receive more than ten pounds of skim milk to be increased gradually up to fifteen pounds, but under no circumstances should it go over eighteen pounds before the calf is five or six weeks old. After that time as much as twenty-four pounds may be fed. Should you attempt to raise a calf on skim milk or hay tea remember that a small amount fed three times a day is likely to give you much better results than a large amount fed twice a day. Where skim milk is used it is important that it be fed at blood temperature and in a sweet condition.—A. M. Soule.

Set Out Asparagus in October.

Asparagus may be grown from seed, or set from roots, which may be had at from $5 to $6 per 1000, and will require about 6000 plants to the acre. The soil should be moist, rich, sandy loam. The lighter the soil the better the result. Sets should be put out in October, in deep furrows, eighteen inches apart and covered with an inch or two of soil. Well-rotted stable manure in the furrow is the best fertilizer. The ground must be kept soft and free from weeds and grass. In the early spring mulch with a coat of fine straw or pine needles. It will produce from 200 to 300 pounds of shoots to the acre per season and will sell from five to twenty-five cents per pound, although the first shoots may bring as high as fifty cents per pound. But aside from the sale of the vegetable, every farmer should have a bed of it for his own use.

What is more delicious than the first dainty dish of asparagus in the early springtime?—Sincere, in Progressive Farmer.

Shrub the Pastures.

Briars, bushes and trees are the greatest drawbacks to pastures in this section. These are very anxious to grow and they hold back the grass from growing. No farmer can grow them and do much growing grass at the same time.

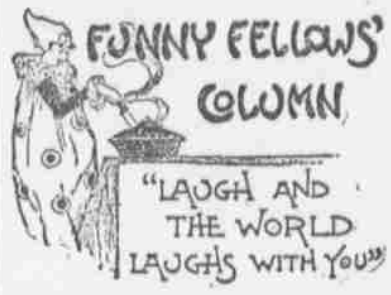
There is enough bottom land for pastures on almost every farm if the briars, trees and bushes were out of the way of the grass. It helps very much to remove the briars and bushes if the trees are allowed to remain.

Pastures should be shrubbed at least every two years, and once a year is better. Now is the best time to do this work. Bush axes, grass knives and briar knives are the tools mainly used.

Remember that it takes a little work in the pasture as well as in the field. Without pastures you can not do much with livestock, and without livestock it is impossible to get the biggest crops from the fields.—J. M Beaty, in Smithfield Herald.

A FRONT-ROW FORESTER.

The real woods
Are not the goods;
They're buggy and they're hot.
If peace of mind
You want to find,
Best seek another spot.
Give me the green
And vernal scene
That figures in a play;
The canvas grove,
Where fairies rove,
And everything is gay.
—Kansas City Star.



In Atlantic City—"What's done to kill time there?" "Oh, the bored walk."—Judge.

"No, Maude, dear, to crack a joke doesn't always damage it."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

"Mrs. Fadd has a new wrinkle." "The poor dear! She must be ageing rapidly."—Town and Country.

"I built my new suburban cottage on a bluff." "What is it called?" "It wasn't called at all. That's why I built the cottage."—Baltimore American.

Heeler Bill—"That plank was put inter th' platform by our own bunch. We demanded it, see?" Citizen—"Yes, I see. Sort of a gang plank."—Cleveland Leader.

Small Boy—"Papa, how can a camel go through the eye of a needle?" Plutocratic parent—"I don't know my son; that's what is worrying me."—Chicago Tribune.

"Taking an active part in the campaign?" "Should say I was. I'm assistant director of the bureau that attends to oiling the phonograph cylinders."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Teacher (giving a lesson on the rhinoceros)—"Now can you name any others things that have horns and are dangerous to get near?" Sharp Pupil—"Motors cars."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

English Girl (with great distinctness, addressing the chef de gare)—"Pardon, monsieur! Voulez-vous chercher pour moi l'homme avec le mot, 'cuisinier,' autour de la couronne de son chapeau."—Punch.

Parson—"Young man, I'm surprised to see you fishing on the Sabbath. I shall certainly make it the subject of a sermon." The young man—"Waal, if it gives you an idea for a sermon, maybe it's wuth it!"—Life.

Trotter (who has been abroad)—"So Maud and Charlie finally married?" Miss Homer—"Yes." Trotter—"I suppose they are happy?" Miss Homer—"Undoubtedly; they each married some one else."—Chicago Daily News.

Mr. Hardsense—"My boy, success comes only to the man who is willing to take off his coat and roll up his sleeves." The Junior—"Cawnt do it, deah old dad. I nevah have a coat on, and all the fellahs at school weah sleeveless jerseys."—Puck.

"It 'pears tew me," remarked the rural philosopher, "that law air a heap sight like a colt." "How's that?" queried the hired man. "Somebody has tew break it afore yew kin tell whether it's enny good or not," explained the old granger.—Chicago Daily News.

"Is your son-in-law, the duke, a good conversationalist?" "Well," answered Mr. Cumrox, "he's willing enough. But my foreign vocabulary is limited. I can never feel sure whether he is talking about his pedigree or thinking up a menu for dinner."—Washington Star.

Affable grocer (to local art master)—"Yes, sir, I shall be sending 'im along to your evening classes when 'e's a bit older, and I want you to learn 'im just like you learned his brother. You so trained that lad's eye, sir, that 'e can cut the bacon to a quarter of an ounce."—Punch.

"Well," said the man who is running for office, "suppose I do think I am bigger than my party. What then?" "In that case," replied the cool campaigner, "your party is liable to dwindle in a way that'll leave no possible doubt as to the correctness of your estimate."—Washington Star.

"Are you 'Boots'?" blustered the big Londoner in the American hotel. "Nope," replied the bellhop. "They call me 'Scales.'" The Londoner seemed mystified. "Scales, eh? That's a blooming queer name. What do they call you 'Scales' for?" "Because I get tipped so often. That's the reason, boss."—Chicago Daily News.

His Part.

Ethel—Let's play house.

Johnny—All right; you be ma away in the country, and I'll be pa.—New York Sun.

In twenty-three years of Atlantic steaming the Britannic burned 510,000 tons of coal.